

D'Artagnan gets the snot knocked out of him

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One shot. Complete.

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Characters: Our favorite four Musketeers.

Disclaimer: If you recognize it, I don't own it. Not making any \$\$\$ off this.

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Tags: Dead dove fic, read the title, eww gross

Early morning, D'Artagnan stumbles to the table for breakfast. He drops heavily into his customary seat without his usual greeting to his brothers. Placing a bowl of oatmeal topped with a dollop of grape jam before him, Serge looks at him sympathetically.

Mumbling a murmur of thanks, the young musketeer looks at his breakfast for a moment, then gently pushes it away, toward Porthos. This catches the attention of everyone at the table. Usually, he can match Porthos bite for bite when it comes to food.

Aramis eyes him, quickly making an assessment. "Your head cold is worse," he states.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, D'Artagnan slowly nods. "I c' b'eed."

"You sound worse than last night. Did you get any sleep?"

D'Art holds the end of his nose and gives it a good wiggle. "No. I c'n b'eed. M' 'oses too s'uffy."

Aramis sighs and shakes his head, "That's what happens when you rush off to play the gallant hero type and rescue a kitten stuck up a tree. In a driving rain storm, no less."

D'Artagnan gives his friend a bleary-eyed glare. "Wha w'old you ha' 'un, 'Mis?"

Porthos bangs the now empty bowl onto the scarred table and leans back, patting his stomach. "Well, that was quite filling. Who's first for some hand to hand?"

They all eye their youngest, who slouches in upon himself.

"Tut, tut, D'Artagnan. There's no getting out of this," the medic states.

"C'mon, Pup," Porthos waves him over to the courtyard. "Tha battle won't wait for yer head ta clear up. Ya have ta be able ta fight ta stay alive no matter yer condition."

He turns on the soulful puppy eyes, as he looks at their eldest. It doesn't work.

Athos merely raises one eyebrow, ever so slightly, as he waves him toward today's field of battle.

Taking a deep breath through his mouth, D'Artagnan slowly trods over to face his brother-in-arms.

Slowly, they circle each other. "I'll try 'n take it easy on ya, D'Art," Porthos promises. "After all yer as weak as a kitten. I wouldn't want ta take advantage of ya," Porthos taunts as he takes a swipe at D'Art's hair, ruffling it.

Oh, so predictable. That, right there, was enough to get a rise out of their pup. D'Artagnan rushes the larger man, albeit, he nearly stumbles over his own feet in the process. His swings are sloppy. He only half-hears Aramis offering some 'friendly' advice and turns to meet his opponent again.

Each time he rushes his biggest brother, Porthos manages to ruffle his hair and taunt him about not putting forth a good effort. "Aww, c'mon, Pup, ya can do better than that."

They circle around each other before trading punches. Or, rather, in D'Artagnan's case, a few pathetically, wild and weak swings.

With a gleam in his eye, Porthos takes another swing at the young man, who is now breathing heavily through his open mouth.

**ACHOO!**

****POW ****

SPLAT

â€|groanâ€|

Silence fills the courtyard as D'Artagnan lies face down in dirt.

"D'ARTAGNAN!" Aramis vaults from his place on the bench and goes sliding, on his knees toward the fallen musketeer. Gently, he rolls him over.

Porthos stands stock still, his mouth working like a fish out of water. Concerned shock is writ across his face. "D'Art! D'Art, Iâ€| I didn't mean toâ€|. 'Mis? Is 'e a 'right? Please, tell me e's a 'right."

Athos gives him a glare that silently shouts, _"You better not have broken my pup's face!"_

A small moan centers his attention back to his little brother.

Leaning with his back against Aramis, their pup cradles his face in his hands. Slowly, he opens one eye then the other and glares at Porthos from between his fingers. He takes a breath. Huffing, he swipes his fingers down his nose and flings away a huge glob of green, then wipes his nose across his sleeve. "Dammit, Porthos. I think you just knocked the snot out of me!"

Then, the look on his face changes as he takes a deep breath. "I can breathe." He takes another deep breath through his nose. "I can breathe! I can finally breathe, Porthos!"

Scrambling to his feet, he launches himself at his big brother and envelops him in a D'Artagnan-sized hug. Planting kisses on his face, D'Art thanks him, "Thank you!" _KISS_. "Thank you." _ SMACK_. "Thank you." _SMOOCH_.

~*~ A few days later ~*~

Porthos drags himself to the table for breakfast.

Aramis looks him over with a critical eye. "You don't look at all well, my friend."

Porthos looks bleary eyed, "I c' b'eed."

Behind him, a voice cheerfully inquires, "Who up first for some training?"

End
file.